Little Homespun Songs

Words and Music by
BEATRICE HUBBELL-PLUMMER



Illustrations by
MARY LAFETRA RUSSELL

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LITTLE HOMESPUN SONGS AND VERSES



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WOVEN FROM THOUGHTS OF CHILDREN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
BEATRICE HUBBELL-PLUMMER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARY LAFETRA RUSSELL



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TO

MY BELOVED HUSBAND
OUR OWN BILLY BOY

AND ALL LITTLE CHILDREN
"LITTLE HOMESPUN SONGS AND VERSES"
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

"Verily I say unto you, except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

JESUS

"Life's song indeed would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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JUST BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

Just because I love you
I've come to sing for you;
To stay awhile and play awhile,
Learn what you say and do.
They tell me there are fairies
Living among the trees—
Suppose we go and watch them
Dancing on the breeze.

The following lines to be recited in hushed tones.

And listen to the katy-dids—
I'm sure they're where we're going
Down by the water's edge
Where the poplar trees are growing.
Perhaps we'll hear the tree toads
Give their warning call;
Sometimes they hide up in the trees,
Sometimes in the stone wall.

If we could wait and go at dark
I'm sure that we should see
The little firefly lanterns spark
Lighting a path for you and me!
And if we go in the morning
We'll see the brook run by
Playing it's a mirror
For the deep blue sky.

But let us be on time,
Not one wee second late,
'Cause we really haven't time—
Have we?—to waste or wait!

THE CRICKET

Oh, little shiny Cricket,
  Your black satin bonnet
Is really very stylish
  With those quills upon it!

But Cricket, come and tell me—
  I ask you most politely—
What's the meaning of the song
  You chirp to children nightly?

"I will tell you, little friend:
  When you hear me call
You should say Good-bye to Summer,
  For it's almost Fall."

SOAP BUBBLES

One day I blew soap bubbles, fine, glassy, big and round
And then I had an accident, I dropped them on the ground!
And then I tumbled over them and broke them all apart,
I looked all 'round to find the glass, 'twas gone, and that most broke my heart!

One day I'll blow more bubbles, grand, big, like a balloon
And then, I'll toss them in the air, and send them to the moon;
To carry fondest greetings, to the moonland children dear
And to tell them we are waiting for "Dish" and "Spoon" to come down here.

SOAP BUBBLES



ac ci dent, I dropped them on the ground! And
in the air, And send them to the moon; To

then I tum - bled o - ver them and broke them all a -
car - ry fond - est greet - ings, to the moon - land chil - dren.

part, I looked all 'round to find the glass, 'Twas
dear, And to tell them we are wait - ing For

gone, and that most broke my heart! To
"dish" and "spoon" to come down here.

FAITHFUL LITTLE FARMERS

There's a little band of farmers—
  Some of them I know—
Who are working 'round the country,
  And not one can use a hoe!

But that fact doesn't matter—
  Each works with might and main
From early morn till evening,
  In sunshine or in rain.

To-day I saw them working,
  Working very hard;
Some were in the meadow,
  Some out in the yard.

They never ask for wages,
  Nor for a place to sleep,
But live right in the garden
  And help the men a heap.

They swallow up the beetles
  That kill the grain and trees,
They eat the bugs and insects
  That ruin corn and peas.

Each farmer is a singer—
  Of this I am quite sure.
Let's ask them all to linger,
  So insects may be fewer.

And now about these workers—
  I wonder if you've heard
That every singing farmer
  Is just a little bird?

DEW DROPS

A beautiful necklace of sparkling dew,
Loveliest bracelets, glittering new,
Gorgeous tiaras of sapphire blue,
Millions of diamonds glistening, too;
Emeralds and rubies, yes, 'tis true,
In this beautiful garden just waiting for you!
Dangling from hedges, hid 'neath the green,
Are the rarest jewels ever seen,
If only at dawn you quickly will run
And gather the pretties 'ere snatched by the sun.

CAN YOU GUESS?

Can you guess why I am good
  And not naughty one wee bit?
When I wear my bestest dress
  And brocade sash with it?

Can you guess why I'm demure?
  Mother never has to say:
"'Member, be a lady, dear,"
  When I wear new ribbons gay.

Can you guess why it is joy
  To be gracious and polite,
When I use my parasol
  For the sunshine bright?

Don't you guess that Mother'll say
  I can take my parasol
Out to show my friends who think
  "Patty ain't got one at all!"

Don't you guess I'd always be
  Most polite and very good,
If I wore my bestest clothes
  As I'm sure good children should?



"If only at dawn you quickly run
And gather the pretties 'ere snatched by the sun."

FROLIC OF THE CLOUDS

Just as every young mother thinks, I, too, thought my baby the very most wonderful one in the whole world. One hot summer night (when he was just at the peek-a-boo age) I was wheeling him up and down in front of the house—the clouds seemed to be having a frolic that night, as they latticed the moon—and I heard his baby voice say: "Peek-boo Moon!" That is why I wrote "Frolic of the Clouds."

A bunch of fluffy clouds one day
  Decided just at noon
'Twould be the jolliest of sport
  To play "Hide" with Miss Moon.

So they invited Mist and Fog,
  Who were romping in the air,
And pretty soon they sailed away
  Toward Miss Moon's starry lair.

My! oh, they had to hurry though,
  Miss Moon lived far away!
And when Miss Night Time came along
  They had a glorious play!

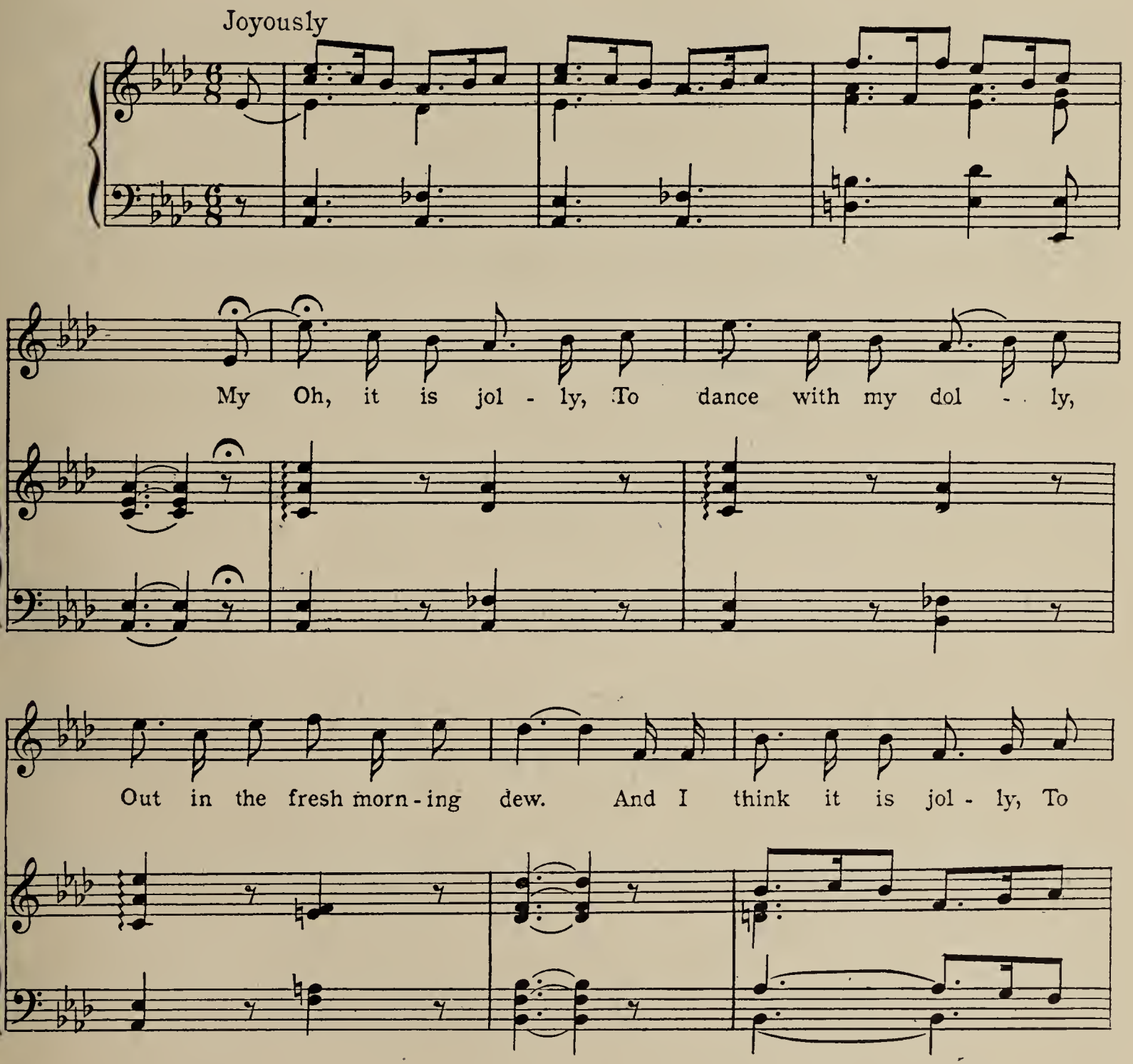
We watched them as they raced, for we
  Knew what they planned to do;
While Mist and Fog played hide-and-seek
  Miss Moon played peek-a-boo!

MY, OH, IT IS JOLLY TO DANCE WITH MY DOLLY!

My, oh, it is jolly to dance with my dolly,
  Out in the fresh morning dew
And I think it is jolly to sing for my dolly
  A wake-a-by song or two.

My, oh, it is jolly to laugh with my dolly
  While Fairies of happiness throng
'Mid fluttering wings and blossoming things
  To sing us a wake-a-by song.

MY, OH, IT IS JOLLY TO DANCE WITH MY DOLLY!



sing for my dol - ly, A wake - a - by song or two — My,

Oh it is jol - ly, To laugh with my dol - ly, While

fair - ies of hap - pi - ness throng,— Mid flut - ter - ing wings,— And

blos - som - ing things— To sing us a wake - a - by song.

L.H.

CHITTER-CHATTER-CHAT

Chitter-chatter-chat
  On the window-pane—
Whatever are you saying,
  Sparkling fairy rain?

I've heard folks call you dismal
  An' say that you were sad—
I'm sure they were mistaken,
  'Cause you always seem so glad!

Your drops look just like diamonds
  Tumbling downward like a flood,
An' I shout: "I'll bet tomorrow
  I go wading in the mud!"

When I go to bed at night
  An' hear your sleepy notes
I say: "O, goody! when it's light
  The trees will have clean coats!"

An' the flowers, that sweetly slept
  All winter 'neath the snow,
Will wake up quick and just begin
  To grow, an' grow, an' grow.

They'll dress in leaves and petals
  Of hues that never fade;
An' mushrooms will be springing up
  Beneath the spreading shade.

All nature will be singing
  In the *same key* as the trees!
An' everybody'll sniff and sniff
  The perfume on the breeze.

So you rain-drops must be happy,
  Dancing down your jeweled stair,
To think how quick and easy
  You can tidy up the air!

HOW SILK IS MADE

A lot of chubby silk worms
  Had dined on mulberry leaves,
They wove themselves soft silken beds
  And went to sleep at ease.

They took a nap just three weeks long
  Till each became a moth,
And when I saw them peeping out
  I placed them on a cloth.

For this is where they like to crawl
  Till each can find a mate;
Then Mother Moth lays lots of eggs—
  Five hundred, so they state.

Then these hatch into busy worms
  That make more cocoon beds,
Which then unravel easily
  Into wondrous silken threads.

Then into silk of many kinds
  The weaver weaves these strands,
Which then are dyed in lovely shades
  And sent to many lands.

HUMPTY DUMPTY BAND

We are the band, from Humpty Dumpty land,
  You may be sure, we're always in demand:
We laugh and shout, make happy ev'ry land,
  Wa-wa-wa! Do all the good we can:
Oh, Ho, Ho, Ho! We are the band,
  From Humpty Dumpty land!

HUMPTY DUMPTY BAND

Allegretto

f

We

rit.

are the band, From Hump - ty Dump - ty land; You ——

ten

may - be sure, We're al - ways in de - mand; We

laugh and shout, make hap - py ev - 'ry land,

(Use or imitate little toy squawker balloon)

Whistle wă - wă - wă Do

all the good we can; Oh, Ho, Ho, Ho! We— are the band, From

Hump - ty Dump - ty land!

Humpty Dumpty 2

LITTLE GREY HOMES OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

I know some grey homes in the east and the west
  Where the rooms are all cozy and warm;
Where mothers are coaxing their babies to rest,
  Sheltered safe from all danger and storm.

These little grey houses are built upon *stilts*,
  Their windows and doors you can't see;
But all of the beds have soft *downy quilts*
  Where the children are snug as can be!

These houses seem always to be on the move,
  And the children? They, too, move along.
And most always they dine on their little *front porch*
  In response to the *cluck* of the gong.

These little grey houses are curious things
  With their tiny red *flags* on the top.
And each little child has a tiny pink *comb*,
  While their mother has grain for her *crop*.

You may think it is strange, but children, it's true,
  For only to-day I saw three;
And if you'll just watch at the close of the day
  These houses I'm sure you will see.

For wherever you find a Plymouth Rock hen
  With her brood of wee chicks tagging after,
You'll see the old mother spread bungalow wings
  To the feathery roof's farthest rafter.

As she cuddles each chick 'neath her soft downy wings,
  You will see a grey home of the east and the west;
While there aren't any stairs or bath tubs or floors,
  It's the little grey homes baby chicks like the best.



"Daphne's my name,
And I come at the dawn."

THE DEW FAIRY'S SONG

Daphne's my name,
And I come at dawn
To freshen the lilies
And sprinkle the lawn
With tiniest diamonds,
And rare jewels bring
To all the sweet posies
That bloom in the spring!



ten

fresh - en the lil - ies, And sprink - le the lawn; With

ten

ti - ni - est dia- monds, And_ rare___ jew - els bring, To

all___ the. sweet pos - ies, That bloom__ in the spring.

Repeat music for dance, pretending to sprinkle flowers with dew, singing Tra-la-la

TWINKLE TORCH

O my dearie dear,
  Come quickly here and see!
The stars are waking up!
  All is as lovely as can be.

The little sunset fairies
  Have pushed away the sun,
Away, 'way off to China,
  Where children play and run.

And now comes swiftly flying
  Old Twinkle Torch with light.
It surely is most jolly
  To see him light the night!

Let's watch him as he travels
  And reaches up so far,
And sing "Hurrah for Twinkle Torch
  As he lights each tiny star!"

INTUITION

What luscious jam!
Gee whizz! I am
  All chuck full of sticky feelin'.

Sh! B'lieve I hear
Some-pin' awful queer
  Movin' 'round the floor or ceilin'.

Oh—a shadow I see!
Wonder who it can be?
  Alas! I'm afraid I'm caught!

Ah, my ma!—it was
Who came, because
  Intuition said she ought!

INTUITION

Allegretto con licenza.



rit.

las! I'm a - fraid I am caught!

rit.

(Mother coming down stairs)

Ah, my

Ped. *

Ma it was who— came be - cause In - tu - i - tion said she

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

ought,— In - tu - i - tion said she ought!—

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

WHY?

Do you know why moo cows moo?
Or why little pigs go woo-woo?
Or why bunnies cannot talk
Just as well as doggies walk?
Or why we get very hungry
When there's nothing 'round to eat?
Or why fuzzy little ducklings
Have such funny-looking feet?
Or why it is that pigeons coo
And roosters crow cockle-doodle-doo?
And why's the ocean salty
And lakes not salt a bit?
Awful curious, ain't it,
When you stop to think of it?

LITTLE OUT-OF-DOORS

Little Out-of-Doors
  Comes calling every day,
"Hurry little children
  Come out with me and play!"

The bending sky stoops down
  And whispers to kind Earth,
That lovely Mother Nature
  Sends sunny smiles and mirth.

Then all the little children
  Have jolliest of fun,
When they can play with Out-of-Doors
  And frolic, laugh and run.



"Hurry little children
Come out with me and play!"

PUSSY WILLOWS

I took my own Billy boy, when he was just a little fellow, and my little niece for a walk on an Easter Sunday afternoon, and we talked of Jesus and the Resurrection Morn; and then I told them little stories all about nature and the trees and explained how Spring was the beautiful resurrection morn to all the buds and flowers. We had, by this time, reached a little ravine, where we found Pussy Willows growing. We greeted them just as we would little friends, calling them by name, and these Pussy Willows seemed to understand, for they very graciously nodded to us; and then we stopped and *listened*, and, would you believe it? we actually heard them chuckling with glee! And as I was telling the children that the Pussy Willows, like the grass, and the trees, were very happy because Spring was coming, I was interrupted by my little niece, who said: "Cause then, Auntie Bee, they can take off their furs, can't they?"—So the "Pussy Willow Song" is really the song of that Easter Sunday afternoon.

Oh, my fuzzy Pussy Willows
  Have come to stay awhile,—
They never mind the weather,
  Always nod and blush and smile.

Even when it is a-rainin'
  And the wind blows cold and bad,
They just wrap their furs around themselves
  An' say they're mighty glad.

Cause they know 'at Spring is comin'
  Just as fast as it can run!
Soon Flowers and little children
  Will frolic in the sun!

PUSSY WILLOWS





nev - er mind the wea - ther, Al-ways nod an' blush an' smile, Ev-en

(shiveringly)

when it is a-rain-in' And the wind blows cold and bad! They just

wrap their furs a round them selves, And say they're might-y glad, 'Cause they

accel

know 'at spring is com-in' just as fast as it can run, Soon

accel

espressivo

flow'rs and lit - tle chil - dren will fro - lic in the sun, Soon

3

colla voce

flow'rs and lit - tle chil - dren will frol - ic in the sun, will

accel

frol - ic in the sun, will

pp

frol - ic in the sun, will

accel

pp

rit.

ppp

frol - ic in the sun,

rit. al fine

morendo

Ped. ✻

MY FRIENDS AT THE ZOO

One day I started for the Zoo with three little children; we kept thinking of others whom we could pick up on the way, till we had a dozen—a "baker's dozen"—counting myself. And it interested me very much to find that the children were not content to just go and *see* the animals, but each one wanted to take something along to *feed* a special friend among them—one bought lettuce for the big white rabbit, and one bought crackers for the parrots, one a sack of peanuts for the monkeys, another a sack of peanuts for Tom and Jerry, the elephants, and one a bunch of radishes for the giraffe.

On the way,—and while we were there—it was very wonderful to step across onto their Island of Fancy! For the things those children told about animals, and their conversations with the animals themselves, made me wonder! wonder! wonder! One little girl confided in me that a Mrs. Leopard had told her she had lots of beautiful dresses but that she always wore a *polka-dot* dress at the Zoo because they had so many parties and she couldn't take the time to change every day.

We had a memorable day! I learned many interesting things from the children. One was—how *deaf*, *dumb* and *blind* many of us were to their world of fancy!

We talked much of this curious animal fairy land, until I, too, found myself caged with the children and the animals, right out on their fascinating island! We had with us on this trip a few little "matter-of-facts" who would, after listening to one of our "fairy-tale" children tell some imaginary story, contend that it "wasn't a word true!" then turn to me and say: "That isn't true, is it?" My answer? Can you guess? I was too busy thinking to answer!

How *could we ever* discern between the "really-did-happen" stories and the "just pretend" ones? Both were very real if we could only understand! Finally, I promised to write two story books and use only their very own stories, and one we'd call the "Really-Did-Happen" story book, and the other the "Just Pretend" story book. We called this a *game* of "writing-a-book!" The children became much interested, and as a result when each little tot came with a story I was careful to ask: "Now, in which book does this story belong, in the 'Really-Did-Happen' or the 'Just Pretend' one?"

We had to *think* pretty hard sometimes! But, in this way, the children very quickly learned to discern the difference between the "really-for-surely" and the " 'ist make up one" (for these are their own exact words).

I tell of this truly interesting experience, in the hope that it may help some troubled mother (I've *known several*) who may needlessly be alarmed about her own little fairy child who lives much of the time on the Island of Fancy—I would say to such a mother to jump into a little elfin boat and row out to the island! Start two story

MY FRIENDS AT THE ZOO—*Continued*

books and write down every single word of their own little stories, asking always: "Is this story 'a-'ist-make-up-one' for the 'Just Pretend' book, or 'a-really-for-surely-one' for the 'Really-Did-Happen' book?" In this way they will soon learn to discern between *fact* and *fable*.

I have a friend, a tall Giraffe,
  I'm sure he's fond of me,
'Cause when I go out to the Zoo
  He bows most cordially.

The Elephant, he likes me, too,
  And knows that I like him,
'Cause when he pats me with his trunk
  I drop some peanuts in.

Yaks and Zebras, too, I like;
  They're gentle and quite tame.
I like the Lions in their dens—
  To cage them seems a shame!

And how I like the Camels
  And Hippopotamus!
Of course, they're funny looking things,
  But they think a lot of us!

Then there's the Wolf and woolly Bear,—
  Quite loving in their way;
'Course some folks fear their howls and growls—
  But I know what they say!

I'm crazy 'bout the Kangaroo—
  So comical and kind!
I like the funny Monkeys, too;
  Such friends are hard to find!

MY FRIENDS AT THE ZOO—*Continued*

I like the restless Leopard,
All dressed in polka dots;
It seems to me he never rests,
But all day trots and trots.

Now all the birds and animals
That I have ever known,
I've quickly made good friends of them
And this to me has shown

That if you wish to make a friend,
Of lion, bear or dove,
Just *kindly* treat each one of them
And give them lots of *love*.

SCOWL AND POUTY

Little Scowl and Pouty
Started out one day
To take a little airing
An' with other children play.

They were very glum and sullen,
An' neither of them smiled!—
Just 'cause they were so naughty
Couldn't find a single child!

GLAD AND CHEERY

Little Glad and Cheery
Started out one day
Lookin' for some children,
So they could romp and play.

They were happy, merry youngsters,
So full of fun and jolly
That very soon they found some friends,
Each one with a toy or dolly.

I SAW A WEE CRADLE

While seated in a park one afternoon in the spring, reading, I found myself pretty much surrounded by children, and, as is always my custom, I visited with them; I had, only a few moments before, discovered a little robin's home up in one of the trees, so I commenced telling them a great, long story about a wee cradle, tiny babies, little dreams, and described the hoods and dresses of these babies—careful never once to mention "birds"—and as I progressed with my story it was interesting to see each little face upturned as though searching for the fact of my story,—and two little girls simultaneously discovered the nest and exclaimed: "They were the babies of Robin Red Breast!"

I saw a wee cradle
  Way up in the trees,
Tiny babies were rocked
  By the breath of the breeze.

Just above them there bloomed
  Little dreams all aglow,
Some pink as a rose,
  And some white as snow.

The babies wore hoods
  And in feathers were dressed,
For they were the babies
  Of Robin Red Breast!

WAKE! WAKE!

Wake, wake, my dears,
The sun is up,
And open wide your eyes;—
And listen to the birdies say:
"It's morn! be glad! arise!
It's morn! be glad! arise!"



"Wake, wake, my dears,
The sun is up!"

WAKE! WAKE!

Brightly

mf

Wake, wake, my dears, The sun is up, And o - pen wide your

mf

eyes; — And lis - ten to the — bird - ies say: "It's

f

f

morn be glad! a - rise! It's — morn! be glad! a - rise!"

ff

ff

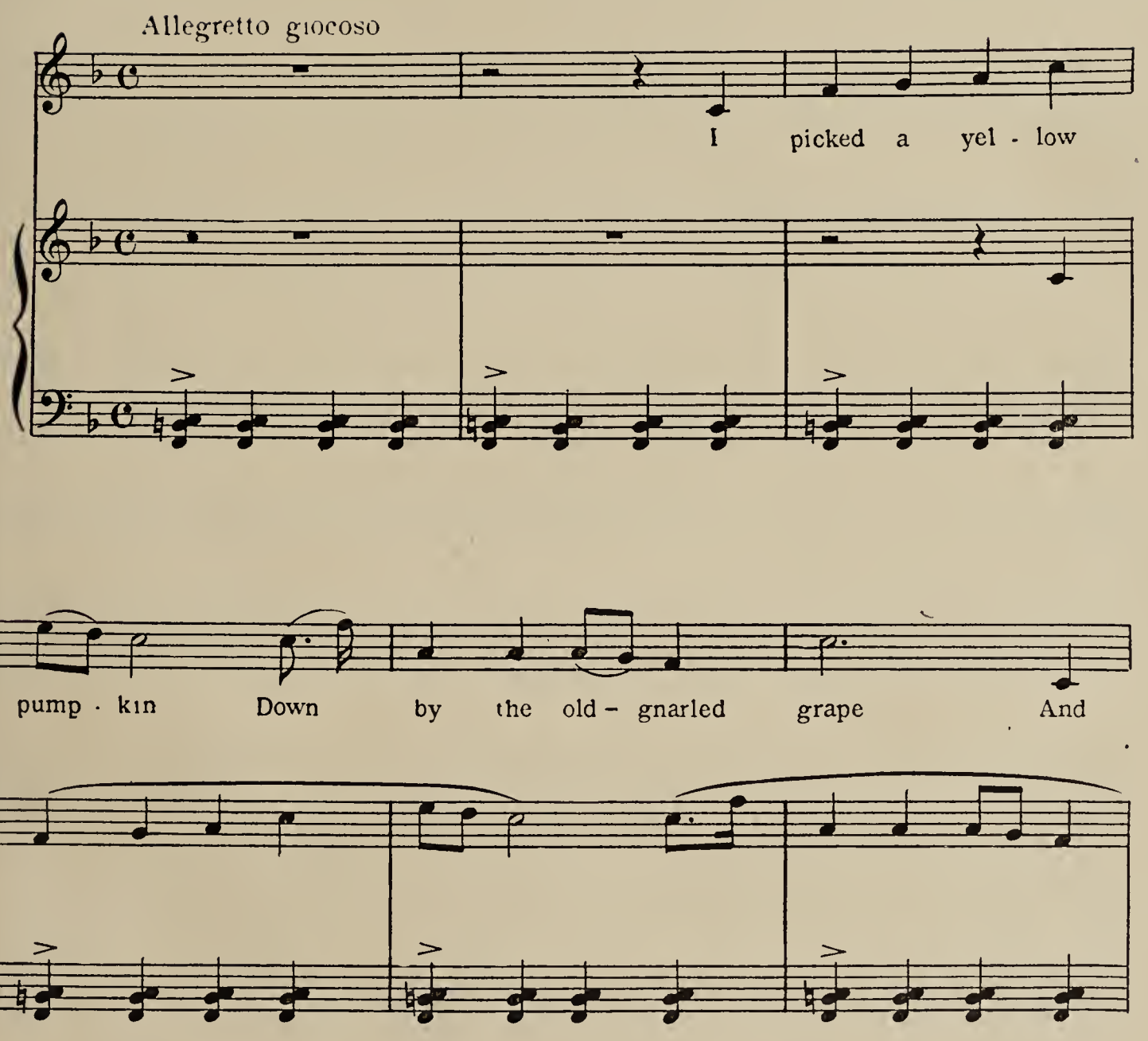
JACK-O'-LANTERN

I picked a yellow pumpkin
  Down by the old gnarled grape,
And then I whacked the top right off
  And began to scrape and scrape!

And pretty soon I cut some eyes
  Right in its queer fat face,
And then I cut a funny mouth—
  Not quite in the right place.

For the mouth and nose looked crooked,
  No matter what I did!
Can you guess what I called it
  When I put on the lid?

JACK-O'-LANTERN



then I whacked the top right off, And be - gan to scrape and

Feigning woe

scrape; And pret - ty soon, tra, la, la, la, la, la,' la, I

cut — some — eyes, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, right

in it's queer fat face And then — I — cut a

broaa and slow *tragically* *a tempo*

fun - ny mouth not quite in the right place, For the

broad and slow

(sorrowfully)

mouth and nose looked crook - ed, No mat - ter what I

a tempo

did. Can you guess what I called it when I

put on the lid!

sfz

THE HONEY BEE

Busy little Honey Bee
  Dressed in brown and gold—
Latest style in tony frocks,
  Just the thing, I'm told!
    Buzz——zz——zz

Busy every single day
  Sipping honey sweet,
Never idle for a second
  Till it's time to sleep!
    Buzz——zz——zz

PAN, PAN, HAPPY FELLOW!

Pan, Pan, happy fellow,
Prince of Youth all dressed in yellow!
Did you come from distant plains
To pipe for us your glad refrains?
My! Your notes we love to hear,
They fill our hearts with love and cheer;
And your stories from the skies
Bring to us a sweet surprise!
That your joy we all may share,
Bless you Pan! this is our prayer!



"Did you come from distant plains
To pipe for us your glad refrains?"

'FRAID SONG

I gets awful scared at the dark sometimes
And I'se kind o' 'fraid o' the wind in the pines,
But I jus' tell sister I ain't 'fraid at all—
An' that noise 'at she hears is th' cat in the hall.

Oh, I jus' wiggle and squirm and clear up my throat
And 'nen I say, "Maude, I know a big joke!"
I nudge 'er and punch 'er, but find she's asleep!
'Nen I am so scared 'at I'm 'most 'fraid to speak.

I listen a minute—hear steps in the hall—
I listen—an' listen—an' hear sumpin' fall!
Oo! I jus' shiver and shake, an' my teeth chatter so,
Till Pa and Ma comes and hollers "Hello!"

An' 'nen I'm so tickled I sit up an' smile
An' Ma comes an' says "I'll be up after 'while!"
So den I jus' knows 'at the "boogers" is gone
'Cause they never stay after Pa and Ma come!

'FRAID SONG


Moderato
narratively
I gets aw - ful scared at the
rit.
dark some - times, An' I'se kind o' 'fraid of the
rit.
wind in the pines. But I jus' tell sis - ter I

ain't 'fraid at all, An' 'at noise 'at she hears is the

cat in the hall; Oh, I jus'

wig - gle, and squirm An' clear up my throat, An'

'nen I say, "Maude I know a big joke." I

nudge 'er an' punch 'er but find she's a - sleep! 'Nen

I am so scared, at I'm 'most 'fraid to speak! I

list - en a min - ute, Hear steps in the hall; I

Fraid Song 5

list - en, An' list - en, An'

hear sump-in' fall! Oo, I jus' shiv-er and shake, an' my

teeth chat - ter so, Till pa an' ma comes an'

ecstatically

holl - ers "Hel - lo!" An' 'nen I'm so tick - led, I

sit up an' smile, An' ma comes an says; I'll be

up af - ter 'while," So

den I jus' know 'at the "boo - gers" is gone, 'Cause

they nev er stay, Af ter pa an' ma come.

WIND FAIRIES

While at a picnic several summers ago a dozen or more happy, frisking children played all kinds of games on the grassy bank of a brook. A short distance from the brook was an old deserted house.

I talked to the children about "*listening.*" So we all closed our eyes and just listened! And these are some of the things we heard:

The brook laughing,
The birds singing,
The frogs croaking,
A little sheep bell tinkling now and then off in the distance,
The bees humming,
And the wind-fairies strumming on their little wind harps.

One little fellow came and seated himself just as close to me as he could get. He seemed a bit troubled and shy—and whispered in my ear: "I don't *wike* dat noise!" Blessed baby! I was careful to find out what it was he didn't like—and after some questioning and more "*listening,*" we found that it was the wind whistling through the broken window panes of the old house. So I told him all about the little wind fairies that live up in the air, and I asked all the other children to join us in "ooing" like the wind—and found that we had a chorus all singing "I believe little fairies live up in the air."—So this little song we just made up, words, tune and all, right then and there—and before we left, my wee snuggling friend loved "*dat noise.*"

I believe little fairies live up in the air,
Don't you?
That they come from the land of We-Don't-Know-Where,
Don't you?
I am sure they are busy the livelong day
Teaching the breezes to sing and to say:
"Come, gentle rain, come down and play,
And cheer all the posies that cried today;
Wash their sweet faces in fragrance and dew,
And send fairy rain-bows to dress them anew!"
*OO———OO———OO

*OO Imitate the wind

WIND FAIRIES—*Continued*

I believe little fairies live up in the air,
Don't you?
That they come from the land of We-Don't-Know-Where,
Don't you?
Oh, I'm sure they are artists in all that they do,
For as they skip and play tag through the pathless blue
They just dip their brushes in magical hue
And paint wondrous pictures for me and for you.

OO———OO———OO

I believe little fairies live up in the air,
Don't you?
That they come from the land of We-Don't-Know-Where,
Think you?



"I believe little fairies live up in the air,
Don't you?"

WIND FAIRIES



✲"Oo" Like the wind

f Allegretto

That they come from the land of We -

mf

don't - know-where, Don't · you?

f vivace

Allegretto

I'm sure they are bus - y the live - long day

Teach - ing the breez - es to sing and · to say:

mp

"Come gen - tle rain, come down and play, And

mp

cheer all the pos - ies that cried to - day;

Wash their sweet fac - es in fra - grance and dew, And

rit.

send fair - y rain - bows to dress them a new."

rit.

pp rit. *mp a tempo*

Oo I be - lieve lit - tle fair - ies live

p

up in the air, Don't you?

Allegretto

That they

mf vivace

come from the land of We - don't - know - where, Don't

you?

Allegretto

Oh, I'm sure they are art - ists in

mf vivace

grazioso

all that they do, For as they skip and play tag thro' the

cresc.

path - less blue, They just dip their brush - es in

mag - i - cal hue, And paint won - drous pict - ures for

f

rit. *pp* *rit.* *mf a tempo*

me and for you. Oo I be

rit.

lieve lit - tle fair - ies live up in the air, Don't

mf colla voce

mp Allegretto

you? That they

f vivace *p* *pp*

come from the land of We - don't - know - where, Think

you?

mf presto *accel* *ppp*

Ped. *

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Back to the scenes of my childhood I went after many years' absence to see what was my grandfather's old home, and found the many homely, old things, that I so much loved when I was a little child, replaced by modern improvements. It made me very sad, and I went out and sat down back of what was the old milk house (which was now used for garden tools), and recalled memories of childhood.

Back to the scenes of my childhood I went,
  Flung wide the old garden gate
That led to the nooks where glad hours were spent
  And the orchard I'd longed for of late.

But where was the swing? And my little pet lamb?
  And the stream through the milk-house that flowed?
And the nest in the tree where I sat and ate jam?
  And the ferns that grew close to the road?

In the brook there were stepping-stones easily reached;
  In the marsh that was back of the mow
A host of old jack-in-the-pulpits once preached
  Silent sermons—but where are they now?

And where was the corn-crib I climbed for "a view"?
  And the sugar camp down in the lane?
And where was the grape arbor hanging with blue
  Where I barefooted danced in the rain?

Morning-glories once twined in the old gnarled hedge,
  And hollyhocks drowsed in a ring;
There were snowballs that grew at the garden's edge,
  And lilacs that sweetened the spring.

How I missed them! The old summer kitchen, too,
  With its loft full of dried fruit and corn,
And the dear friendly cedars which towering grew
  Near the cottage wherein I was born.



"Tell me, my pretty bird,
Who taught you how to sing?"

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD—*Continued*

Where was the bucket that hung in the well?
  The pilaster that stood by the door,
Whose crown was the loud clanging dinner-bell,
  Was ringing its message no more.

And where were Dolly, and Gallup and Kate—
  The horses I used to ride?
Like a stranger, I closed the garden gate
  And left all my dreams inside!

MY BIRDIE

Tell me, my pretty bird,
  Who taught you how to sing?
How did you learn to perch up there
  And swing and swing and swing?

Sometimes I've listened to your song,
  Now soft and low, now high;
And then I've watched you fly away
  Into the bright clear sky,—

And stood and thought what fun 'twould be
  If I could just fly, too;
Then I would mount up singing
  Into the heaven's own blue.

And when I've heard your voice again,
  Tho' skies were dull and sad,
I've sung with joy, "My bird is back,
  He's come to make me glad!"

Now birdie, come and tell me,
  Before I niddy-nod,
Who taught you all these wondrous things?
  And Birdie answered, "God!"

LITTLE MISCHIEF STARS

In California nearly all children sleep out of doors on sleeping porches. One evening I dined with the father and mother of a little child, who had been put to bed out on the porch. After a while I overheard her talking and laughing, and the longer I listened the more I thought there must surely be three or four children with her! Finally I asked her mother who was with Dorothy—and she said: "No one," and called and asked her why she didn't go to sleep. Dorothy answered: "Why don't the stars go to sleep?"

And as I listened to her, I am sure she was saying:

"Oh, little mischief stars,
  Up in the skies,
Why don't you stop blinkin'
  An' shut up your eyes?
You twinkle and squint so
  You keep me awake.
An' ol' Sand-man keeps callin':
  'Sleep sweet—it is late!' "

(The little stars were so far away they couldn't answer, so they kept on twinkling, and little Dorothy said):

"Oh! I bet I can guess
  Why you don't shut your eyes!
For I guess you're God's candles
  'Way up in the skies,
So the flowers and the birdies
  Can have a light too
When the Sleep Angel calls:
  'Nid-dy-nod-dy,—oo—oo!' "

LITTLE MISCHIEF STARS



twin - kle an' squint so, You keep me a -

wake; An' old Sand - man keeps call - ing "Sleep

sweet, it is late" "Sleep sweet,

It is late."

p

p

8va..... ..... O I bet I can guess, why you

pp

don't shut your eyes, For I guess you're God's can-dles way

up in the skies, So the flowers and the

bird - ies, can have a light too, When the sleep an - gel

calls nid - dy nod - dy, oo nid - dy

rall. *sleepily*

nod - dy, nid - dy nod - - - -

pp *rall*

rit. *a tempo* *pp*

- - dy, oo, oo 8va

pp *ppp*

MOON SONG

In the absence of their parents, I was caring for some little nieces and nephews, who were just like many other little wide-awakes I know, who are never quite ready to go to sleep. It was a glorious moon-light night—and the children asked if the little folks up in the moon ever had to go to bed. I asked them what they thought,—when, finally, after some discussion, they all agreed that they didn't believe so; and as they looked out at the reflection of the moon on the sea, a little niece said: "I wish we could climb up to the moon, where we'd *never* have to go to bed and say 'Good night, sleep tight!' "

Beautiful moon!
  Way up in the sky!
Drop us beam ladders
  As you pass by,
So we can climb
  To moon-land bright,
Where wee folks ne'er say
  "Good night, sleep tight!"



"Drop us beam ladders
As you pass by."

MOON SONG


Larghetto
p
ten
Beau - ti - ful Moon, way
ten
pp
ten
Ped. (una corda)
up in the sky,

Drop us beam lad - ders as you pass by,

rit. *poco cresc.*

So we can climb to Moon - land

rit. *poco cresc.*

bright, Where wee folk ne'er say good

sempre rit. e dim.

night, sleep_ tight.

sempre rit. e dim.

pp

Ped. *

WEE THUNDER BIRD SONG

In the mythology of all the Indians of North America, birds play a very important part; and of them all, the Thunder Bird is the most frequently encountered.

The myth of the Thunder Bird varies in detail with almost every tribe. But with most tribes it is held responsible for the thunderstorm. With some tribes it is shaped like an eagle, with others like a hawk, while with others it is a monstrous bird of unknown form.

On the Mohave desert the Indians believe a thunderstorm is the result of a battle between a giant rattle snake and the Thunder Bird! With the Paiutes, it is pictured as a mighty bird dwelling in the mountains which flies over the desert at intervals, flapping its monster wings, which makes thunder, and opening and closing its eyes, which cause the lightning; and they believe the rainfall is from the lake which the Thunder Bird carries on its back.

Little Paiute children always try to drive the Thunder Bird away by "yeaping" and dancing the while, to their rhythmic melody.

While spending some time on the desert a few years ago I was thrown much with Indian children. I sang for the Indians, and they sang for me. One day, when there was what looked to be a dreadful thunderstorm coming up, I was out on the mesa watching the clouds and walked toward the Indian camp. The children came towards me, bringing their tumtums (made of coyote skins stretched over tops of old nail kegs), singing a familiar little strain which I had heard them sing many times before. I said: "Big storm coming up." They said: "No, we drive Thunder Bird away!" And they surely did, for that day the clouds broke with only a few peals of thunder, a flash or two of lightning, and a little sprinkle, not even enough to lay the dust. The sun came out and the Indian children said: "Big Thunder Bird fly away back mountains." As they returned to their wigwams I could hear them still singing to the little familiar strain, "Yeap-a-yoo-hoo!"—I have written this wee Thunder Bird song just as they sang the melody.

A little *Paiute and Zuni too,
Drive thunder bird away for you,
Yoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Yip-a-hoo-hoo-!
Yip-a yoo-hoo
Yip-a, Yip-a, Yip-yoo-hoo-hoo!
Yip-yoo-hoo-hoo-hoo——Whee!

*Pronounced pī-ūte.

WEE THUNDER BIRD SONG







✡ *Pronounced: Py-ute*

Drive Thun-der bird a - way for you, Yoo - hoo - hoo - hoo!

Yip - a - hoo - hoo! Yip - a yoo - hoo! Yip - a, Yip - a,

Indian Whoop

Yip - yoo - hoo hoo! Yip - you hoo - hoo - hoo Whee!

8va

Wee Thunder Bird Song 2

THE RAINBOW

One summer afternoon, we had planned a jolly little neighborhood party, when a "hurry-up" thunderstorm came whizzing by, so we all had to run into the house, just as fast as ever we could, and, my, we were awfully disappointed! So we had to think of something we could play in the house and we finally decided it would be lots of fun to play Art School. Each little friend was given a sheet of drawing paper; some were supplied with water-color paints and some with crayolas, and asked to paint something they had seen that day. The one who made the best sketch was to receive a prize,—and would you believe it? they were *all so good*, I just couldn't make a choice —and I have thought so many times how fortunate it was I had prizes enough to go 'round, for each little art student won a prize!—By this time the storm had passed and we went out on the piazza and discovered it had left a glorious rainbow, and my little niece looked up and said when she saw it: "Pretty ribbon!" That's why I wrote "The Rainbow."

A glorious rainbow I saw one day,
And of what do you s'pose it was made?
Soft misty veils that the rain had spun
And the sun had painted *EVERY* shade!
As the clouds scurried off and waved good-by
The wind whispered softly:
"A sash for the sky!"



"Soft misty veils that the rain had spun
And the sun had painted EVERY shade!"

CUDDLE DOON

My ain blinkin' bairnie, I lo'e ye the best
When ye cuddle doon, in my braid arms to rest
Sae cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, my bairnie.

All a smile your bonny mou', ye never cry or fret,
Ah, there is ne'er a whimper frae my ain wee pet,
Sae cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, my bairnie.

Mither 'll fauld ye in her plaidie, bairnie dear,
Gae to sleep, my bonnie babie,* mither is near,
Darling, God wi' us shall be, sae cuddle doon, my dear,
Shut your little sleepy e'e, for Love is guarding here.
Sae cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, tra, la, la,
Cuddle doon, my dearie.

*Pronounced Bobby.

CUDDLE DOON

Andantino tranquillo

p *pp*

p dreamily

My ain blink in bairnie, I
All a smile your bonny mou' Ye

rit.

pp *a tempo*

lo'e ye the best, When - ye — cud dle doon, In
nev - er cry or fret, Ah, — there is ne'er a whim - per

dolce

my braid arms to rest. Sae cud - dle doon, Tra, la, la,
Frae my ain wee pet, Sae cud - dle doon, Tra, la, la,

p *p*

rit. e dim.

cud - dle doon, Tra, la, la, cud - dle doon, my bair - nie
cud - dle doon, Tra, la, la, cud - dle doon, my bair - nie

pp

ppp Ped. Ped.

pp

mp poco animato

Mith - er'll fauld ye in her plaid - ie,

ppp

mp poco animato

bair - nie dear. Gae to sleep, my bon - nie ✲ bab - ie,

Cuddle Doon 3 (✲ Pronounced Bobby)

rit.

mith - er is near.

rit.

Tempo I

Dar - ling, God wi' us shall be, Sae

pp

cud - dle doon, my dear;

Shut your lit - tle sleep - y e'e, For

p

love is guard - ing here,

Sae cud - dle doon, tra, la, la,

poco a poco

p *poco a poco*

dim.

cud - dle doon, tra, la, la,

pp *molto rit.*

Cud - dle doon my dear - ie.

molto rit.

dim.

pp

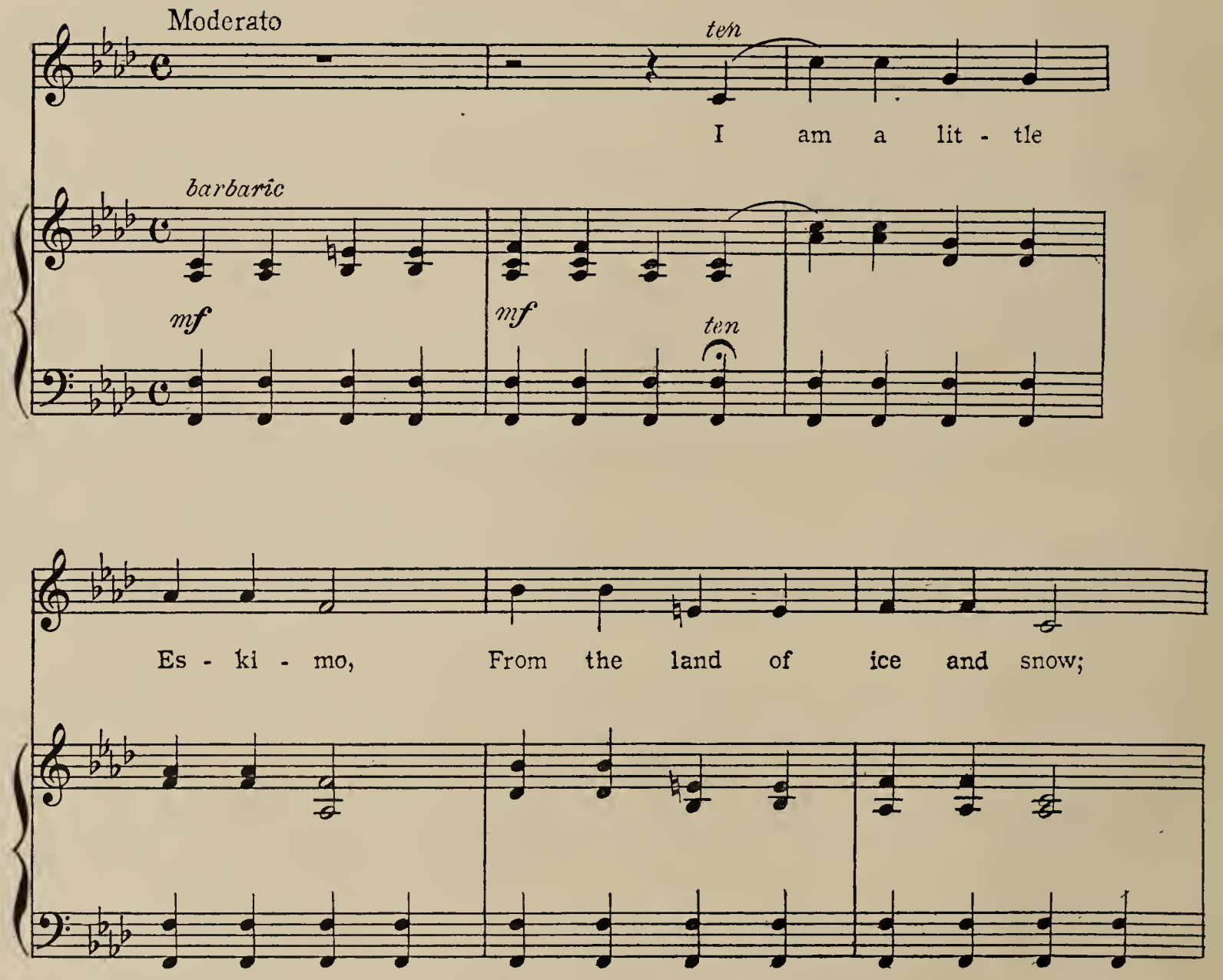
ppp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

LITTLE ESKIMO

I am a little Eskimo
From the land of ice and snow
Oo——oo——oo——-(shiver tune!)

Where we live on reindeer stew,
Frozen blubber and
Bear-steak too——oo
Oo——oo——oo



Shiveringly, as tho' very cold

oo, oo,

Where we live on rein - deer stew, Froz - en blub - ber, and

Shiveringly

bear steak too, oo, oo, oo,

oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo, oo.

rall. *Shiver*

rall.

tremolo rapido

LITTLE ROMPER BABIES

We are the romper babies,
We romp and sing and play,
And when the sun slips off at night,
We say "Good-bye" today.



Repeat for dance, One little Romper baby can be the Sun
And as the sun slips off the children can throw Kisses.



"And when the sun slips off at night,
We say 'Good-bye' to day."

USELESS WORRY

To-day I heard gay Mrs. Hen
  Say to our gardener Jim
"Oh, dearie me, I am so scared
  My babes have gone to swim!"

Jim, too, was scared as he looked on
  And heard her troubled clucks,
At last he said, "Dear Mrs. Hen,
  Your baby chicks are ducks!"

LITTLE WEENTSY BABY

I have a little friend, who, every night when he said his prayers, would ask God to send him a "lil brudder"—his dream of a "lil brudder" was, of course, a *playfellow*. One morning his father came down stairs and said: "Jamie, you have a little brother." My! Jamie was so happy he just scampered up the stairs with leaps and bounds, thinking, of course, there would be a little *playmate* waiting for him—and when the nurse showed him a little weentsy baby all rolled up in eiderdown, his bright little face fell with disappointment and he said: "'Taint lil brudder 'tall—it's 'ist a baby!"

That's how "Little Weentsy Baby" song happened!

A little weentsy baby
  Came to our house to-day;
Because he is so tiny
  I guess we'll let him stay.

He's the wee-est bit o' fellow
  With squinty, blinky eyes;
So velvety and chubby,
  All dimpled when he cries!

And it's mighty inconvenient—
  We ain't even got a bed
That will really fit him,
  Nor a cap that fits his head!

LITTLE WEENTSY BABY—*Continued*

O Daddy led me tiptoe
To see that baby boy;
And mother whispered softly:
"He's come to bring us joy!"

But I don't want a weentsy brother,
You can bet your life!
I want a whoppin' big one
'At can play mumbly-peg wiv' a knife!

A brother 'at can shoot marbles,
An' fly a kite for fun;
An' spin a top and throw a ball,
An' ride a bike and run!

But the little fellow's here!
Never bro't a single thing,—
Don't you think it's awful queer
Teeth an' hair he forgot to bring?

After all,—he's kind o' nice
When you get a second glance;
Daddy says: "It won't be long
Before he can put on pants!"

LITTLE WEENTSY BABY



✲ *Like a baby's cry*

we - est bit - o' fel - low with squin - ty blin - ky eyes, And so

8va

vel - vet - y and chub - by, all dim - pled when he cries And it's

might - y in - con - ven - ient! We ain't e ven got a bed,

rit.

That will real - ly fit him, Nor a cap that fits his head.

rit.

Dad - dy let me, tip - toe, To see that ba - by boy, And

mo - ther whis - pered soft - ly, He's come to bring us joy. But

I don't want a ween - tsy bro - ther, you — can bet — your

cresc.

life, — I want a whop - pin' big — one,

f

'at can play mum - ble - ty peg with a knife; A

f

bro - ther 'at can shoot mar - bles, An fly a kite for

mf

fun, —— An' spin a top and throw a ball an'

L.H.

ride a "bike," and run! But the lit - tle fel - low's

here; Ne - ver brought a sin - gle thing! Don't you think it's aw - ful

queer, Teeth an' hair he for - got to bring? —— Af - ter

all he's kind — o' nice, When you get a sec - ond glance; Dad-dy

says it won't be long, — Be - for he can put on pants!

THE EGG SHAMPOO

To-day I gave my dolly
  An egg shampoo,
An' her hair got just so tangled
  I didn't know what to do.

An' so I asked a friend of mine
  To quickly come and see
If she could help me out a bit—
  But she just said to me:

"Gracious! I can't do a thing,
  Dolly looks so bad!
Anyway this egg shampoo
  Is just a worn-out fad."

Then I made some soap-suds
  And doused her in the water—
Thinking all the time how sweet
  She was, when Santa brought her:

Her hair was just pale golden,
  All curled about her face;
She was like a little fairy
  All dressed in fluffy lace.

An' now her lovely shining locks
  Look like my doggie's tail
When it is full of burrs and sticks;
  An' her nose's commenced to scale.

I am perfectly heart-broken
  'At I tried that egg shampoo.
Don't ever, ever use it,
  Is my advice to you!



"And listen to the wondrous story
That the good Sea Fairy tells."

THE WAVELETS' INVITATION

Playful little wavelets
  Crept 'long the shore one day,
Till they found a cozy spot
  Where they could stay and play.
Then they invited little children
  To come down and gather shells
And listen to the wondrous story
  That the good Sea Fairy tells.

THE LITTLE SEARCHLIGHT

One warm summer evening I was walking with some little folks, and as we walked through a shaded lane it seemed very dark but for the fireflies. I had been telling them about Mother Nature, how she liked all kinds of beautiful lamps—the big sun-lamp and the moon-lamp and the star chandeliers and little firefly lanterns, etc., etc.,—and a little nephew asked: "Auntie Bee, I guess they're searchlights, but where's their batteries?" And a little friend answered: "They don't have to have batteries, they're just beautiful bugs God sends so children can play in the dark," and a third tot said: "We love 'em an' if they weren't so tiny we'd hug 'em."—Why wouldn't I write a little song and call it "The Little Searchlight"?

Flash, little searchlight!
  Flash and glow!
Are you Wake-a-by King
  On the earth here below?

Do you watch tiny tots
  On their soft downy pillow
As they niddy-nod
  On hush-a-bv billow?

Or are you a firefly,
  Golden with light,
Swinging your lantern
  To brighten the night?

Can little children
  Play tag with you?
Or leap frog, or hide,
  Or just peek-a-boo?

Whatever you are
  You're a beautiful bug!
If you weren't so tiny
  We'd give you a hug!

THE LITTLE SEARCHLIGHT



soft down - y pil - low; As they nid - dy nod on

hush - a - by bil - low? Or are you a fire - fly

ten.

gold - en with light, Swing - ing your lan - tern To

colla parte

mf

bright - en the night? —— Can lit - tle chil - dren

mf

play tag with you, Or leap - frog, or hide or

just peek - a - boo? What - ev - er you are, you're a

beau - ti - ful bug; If you were - n't so ti - ny, we'd

rit. e dim.

give you a hug!

rit. e dim.

pp

Ped. *

A BIT OF SENSE IN NONSENSE

(Just rigmarole)

A baby girl came to this world to live and her father and mother called her Margaret; but her little brother Bobby always called her Mar-ga-rut.

When "Mar-ga-rut" was a little tot a seamstress came to the house one day, and there was a great stir, everybody searching for the button box! Margaret, overhearing the conversation, exclaimed: "Course there ain't any more buttons, cuz I planted 'em all."

That is how this little story grew—"A Bit of Sense in Nonsense." After going through the storms of life to achieve the seemingly unattainable, we sometimes find that our worldly achievements are quite as worthless as the drowned dresses!

Onc't there was a li'l girl
  Whose name was Mar-ga-rut.
She was a pretty li'l thing,
  But never would dress up!

She tho't all clothes a nuisance
  An' wished they'd grow on trees;
An' she wished her hair was curly
  Like as on sweet peas!

So she tho't she'd plant some buttons!
  For surely clothes 'ud grow,
An' she wondered why her mother
  Hadn't planted 'em long ago.

So one summer mornin' early
  This funny li'l maid
Planted a row o' buttons
  'Neath an elm tree's shade.

An' then she took her Bible,
  An' then she read a line,
An' then she prayed the seed 'ud grow
  In a very short time.

An' sure 'nuff one mornin'
  When Mar-ga-rut looked out,
There was a row o' dress trees
  'Ist beginnin' to sprout!

An' you bet it was curious
  To watch 'em saplin's grow;
Some of 'em had ruffles,
  An' some a sash an' bow!

An' some of 'em 'ud grow
  Brighter and fluffier ever' day,
But some 'ist stayed bushes
  An' looked mos' awful gay.

With blossoms of a-gretts,
  Sachets an' silky fluffs,
An' ribbons an' chiffons
  An' crepe de chines an' puffs!

An' the big 'uns was so gorgeous
  I 'ist can't make out to 'scribe
How lovely all 'em dresses wuz
  Hangin' side by side!

There was pinkish ones an' red ones,
  An' yellow ones, an' gray!
An' purt' near every color
  I could hear the people say!

An' way down the alley
  Over by the wall
Was the "strava-guntest creation!"
  The purttiest one o' all!

I 'ist knew the buttons
  'At Mar-ga-rut put in 'at earth
An' 'at this tree's ancestor
  Wuz 'at stylish Mr. Worth.

Oh, 'ey 'ist kep' gettin' grander
  An' grander all the time—
I 'ist said softly to myself:
  "Ain't 'is yard a lookin' fine!"

My! I 'ist got so excited
  I 'ist screamed and yelled and cried—
An' called all the ladies in
  'At wuz standin' outside.

An' you bet 'ey comed a flying
  'Ist as fast as 'ey could tear,
An' when they saw the funny hedge
  A growin' underwear!

My! some tho't 'at 'ey 'uz dreamin'!
  An' some tho't 'ey 'uz sick!
An' some wuz awful tickled
  Tho't it wuz a bully trick!

But when 'ey saw the dress trees,
  Well, you better 'ist believe
There was some lively scrappin'
  Some women had to leave!

Next mornin' early though
  You should have seen 'em cum
In big autos and carriages,
  All of 'em on the run.

An' you should 'av seen 'em grabbin'
  An' a tuggin' at the things;
Laces look't like cob-webs,
  Silks pulled in strings.

My! such a squabblin' an' chatterin'
  I 'ist know you never heard,
'Less you 'uz there a listenin'
  To every single word!

An' after a while a cloud comes up
  An' ever'thing got dark;
An' the ladies wuz so scared,
  An' the dogs commenced to bark!

A BIT OF SENSE IN NONSENSE—*Continued*

You bet 'ey wuz awful sorry
'At 'ey's been so wery bad,
I 'ist knew their conscience hurt 'em
'Cause 'ey looked so kind of sad.

But 'ey 'uz awful greedy,
All these women were;
Each claimed a dozen dresses
Said 'ey b'longed to her!

An' each one wuz a clingin'
To a sleeve or a train
As it thundered an' kep' lightnin'
An' nen it commenced to rain!

But do you know 'em selfish women
Never loosed their grasp,
Hung on till the last minute!
'Til the horrid storm'ud passed.

When the sun comed out an' shined
An' the ladies looked around,
My! 'ey 'uz awful disappointed
WHEN 'EY SAW THEIR DRESSES,—DROWNED!

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